

Why Does Love Hurt So Much?

by AgentLunaX

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Summary: Grif and Simmons get a little tipsy on Saint Patrick's day, and leads to unforeseen consequences. yaoi, lemon, romance, smut, M to the max. My first published fic so please be nice! Please R&R

1. Did you say stupid idea? Lets do it!

My first fic that's actually been published :) so happy :D Enjoy :)

"Grif stop it! You Bastard! Please!"

"What's the matter? Can't handle me?"

"Stop..." There he laid, on his uncoordinated bed. The blankets and sheets were sprawled halfway on the floor while the other half struggling to hold on to the end of the bed. The bottom sheet barely fitted to the shape of the cot, as a result of the movement of their antics. Simmons was laying flat on his back, his knees pushed almost uncomfortably touching his chest. The back of his hand placed on his steaming forehead, him panting with idle lust. Grif hovered over him, breathing heavily. He was in Simmons, thrusting deeper until he said something that made him even more confused about the situation than he already was. A tear drop fell from the maroon marine's eye to his chin.

"Simmons, what's wrong?" looking more baffled than he possible could have.

"I can't do this anymore." He looked up at him with bloodshot eyes.

"W-what are you talking about?"

"Get off of me, and let me go."

He let out a low growl in the back of his throat. "Must we really stop now?"

"Please..." He begged again.

"Can't we just finish?" Leaning down to give him a slight nip on the marine's neck.

"Fuck stop!" He pleaded once more, his thoughts starting to cloud. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as Grif pounded him. No, he had to stay focused. "OK STOP!" Pushing Grif's shoulders away from him. "Dammit all you fucking care about is sex!"

"Am I suppose to care about anything else?" Cocking an eyebrow.

"Just let me go you fucktard !" He took Simmons' wrists in his hands, letting himself slowly out of the other, and backing away. He stood in front of the bed, staring at Simmons for a long while. Way to long. The Hawaiian took a long deep breath and sighed, then taking his discarded clothes and leaving with out a word. Richard hadn't moved or blinked since Grif stood there, just lost in thought.

_I've known Grif for three years, but It only took two months to realize something crucial. Two months ago was Saint Patrick's Day, a time for drinking. This year our canyon scored on some celebration booze from command. Donut got Sarge drunk beforehand so he could convince him to have the blues over. Even though everyone was together, me and him still spent almost every minute of the party together, even afterwards. We were drunk, and what can I say, alcohol is apparently our weakness. We sort of... had sex, until that damn teal guy caught us. Thankfully, he was drunk. The next day was the most awkward between me and Grif. We both sort of knew what happened, but we couldn't figure out if it was a dream or something real. Neither of us had the balls to say shit about it. Two weeks of awkward silence and avoiding each other passed, until he broke the ice. In the end, we came up with some shitty idea that's got me stuck in the situation I am now. We just decided to have sex, with nothing to it. We weren't allowed to say anything about it to anyone. The only place we could speak about it was my bedroom. And he would only come here to get laid. A month in a half past since our decision, and that month and a half has been hell. The sex has been great but I just can't take being with him anymore, not like this. I fucking love that cockbite ok? Jesus! I'm such a fucking idiot... _

Tears just poured from his eyes, as he sat there on his bed. The room was completely silent. It was like the silence was drowning him, it felt heavy. He hugged his legs and buried his forehead in his knees. He grabbed the soiled blankets and covered them over him as he laid in his fetal position. "I'm so stupid..." He mumbled and he cried himself to sleep.

Grif took his place in the shower to wash all the sweat and impurities off his very essence. "Why Simmons... I don't understand. I..." His thoughts were cut off by a sudden click. He stood silent for a moment, listening for other movement. After a few minutes of heart racing anticipation, he decided to return to his shower, and his thoughts. Dexter sighed and let the cool water run through his hair and down his back. He let tears along with water pour down his

face. The marine punched the wall with little force, not wanting to cause too much commotion with the pound. Pushing his hair from his red puffy eyes.

"What the hell is going on Simmons?" he shouted. "_Fuck! Anyone could have easily heard that who was in the hallway." _The orange Spartan grabbed the knob and turned the water off. Then proceeding with drying off and getting dressed. He hoped he could get to his room without anyone noticing.

The brunette turned the handle and opened the door to the shower room, only to find Donut standing right in his way "Son of a bitch..." he mumbled. The pink private was ironically in silk pink pajamas. He wore a silk long sleeve button down shirt, with round ivory buttons complimenting white trim along the edges. There were also pants to match, but his feet were bare.

"I heard a noise, is everything alright?" The blonde was being totally obvious that he knew what was going on. He held his hands behind his back as he swayed back and forth smiling wildly.

"Yeah everything's fine Donut." He said flatly.

"Then why are you showering at 2am?" He stretched his arm across the door frame, leaning on it, while the other hand placed on his waist. Grif couldn't escape this time.

"I, uh, fell asleep without showering and I woke up and took one..." Swallowing hard. His heart ran like the hooves of a racehorse. _"Why the hell is Donut being so pushy?"_

"Hmm.." Donut licked his lips, using the hand on his hip to push his hair back. He stared at Grif with a provoking smirk on his face. "Then what was all that stuff about Simmons?"

"Just get the hell out of my way! I didn't say anything about Simmons!" Aggravated, Dexter pushed the blonde's arm and walked by him without a second thought.

"Ooooooaaaaaaay Mr. Lovestruck." Those words traveled all the way up Grif's spine and left rattling in his brain. He stopped dead in his tracks. The hazel-eyed man turned slower than a turtle with his draw dragging. "H-how do you know?"

The "light red" soldier walked over and put a hand on his shoulder. He had a ridiculous grin on his face. "You just told me."

His words hit him like a ton of bricks, he seriously wanted to die now. "How could I fall for a trick like that, and by DONUT?"

"Ok come on! His room and my room are right next to each other, I could sometimes hear you guys. And he also screams "Grif". It's not that hard to figure out." Donut started to walk away, but stopped to add one more thing. "If you ever want a threesome just call."

"Wait... What was that?" "Nothing!" He giggled then skipped into his room, shutting the door behind him. Grif was alone in the hallway, completely speechless.

"Fuck..."

2. My Inner Gossip Girl

"You got something to say cupcake?" Sarge looked up from his work on the warthog to the helmetless pink private.

"What?" He looked down at his commanding officer.

"You keep clearing your throat, is uh... something wrong?"

"Wow Sarge! I thought you'd never ask!" Plopping down on the ground Indian style, head level to his commander's. "Can you keep a secret Sarge?" Leaning in. He felt kind of dirty, he was about to release the secret spilled out by Grif and Simmons, but his inner gossip girl got the best of him.

"Son if this is one of your celebrity gossip rumors I don't wanna hear it!" Screwing in another bolt.

"Not exactly, Sarge. It's about Simmons!"

Sarge looked up from his labour and cocked an eyebrow, "Simmons?"

"Yeah, and Grif!"

"I'm not sure if I wanna hear this anymore." Now suddenly disinterested hearing the disgraceful name.

Ignoring his superior's remarks, he went on. Donut leaned in, whispering, "Do you hear strange noises at night Sarge?"

On top of the red base stood Grif, fully equipped, battle rifle nestled in both hands. He was standing next to Lopez, who was fixing the teleporter. Dex was supposed to be helping him, but he was on break, spending it watching the conversation between Donut and Sarge. It was completely pointless; it was just silence with the occasional bobbing of Sarge's helmet.

"Hey Lopez..."

"Oh por favor, no me hables [Oh please don't talk to me]"

Blatantly disregarding the robot's tongue, he continued with the meaningless conversation. "Do you know what Sarge and Donut are talking about?"

"No [No]" he replied flatly "y tampoco les importa [and neither do I care]."

"I wonder too Lopez..." he sighed.

The mechanical red team member groaned, " Me estoy volviendo ahora mis oÃ-dos [I am turning my ears off now]."

"I wonder if he knows..."

"Â¿sabe quÃ©? [Knows about what?]" Looking up at him halting is ear

deactivation. "Usted y Simmons fuerte follando toda la noche? Probablemente no, porque es una e stupido como esa. [You and Simmons loudly fucking each other all night long? Probably not, because he is stupid like that.]"

"Yeah, I bet he's the one stealing all the Oreos..."

Lopez scoffed, "Mis oÃ-dos estÃ;n apagando [I'm turning ears off now]"

"Oh and Lopez," Tearing his eyes from Sarge and Donut, "You don't know anything do you?"

He just kept silently working, not hearing the orange marine.

"I'll take that as a 'no'. Also, I'm taking your break now, by the way."

Simmons stumbled into his room after a hard day of actually doing work. He threw his helmet aside, hitting the wall with a loud _clunk_.

He laid flat on his bed, still funny armored, with his arms outstretched over his head. The bedroom was almost completely dark, except for the little sunlight peeking through the dirt covered basement window. The door suddenly slammed, "What the hell?" Simmons sat up in surprise. He felt weight sink down two points on the mattress, one on either side of him. His wrists were violently grabbed and pinned down, as the rest of the marine's body slammed down on the cot. The private looked up; the outline of Grif illuminated in front of him. "Y-you..."

"Let's have fun tonight." He leaned down, forcing most of his weight on top of his partner's hands. The Hawaiian nipped at his neck, knowing that it was impossible for Simmons to say no.

"Grif let me go you cockbite!" He tried to release the other's grip, but failed miserably.

The brunette ignored his comrade's request and bit down on his bitch's neck.

The man moaned quietly at the bite. He clenched his eyes shut from the growing pain in his wrists and hands.

Grif, being not the smartest person on the planet, or blood gulch for that matter, went for his lips, releasing some weight off the Dutch-Irish man's hands. This was Simmons's window of opportunity to push him off. He did as his thoughts were screaming, running out of the room before Grif could react.

Dexter just sat on the bed not able to process what just happened, and what has been happening between them. He thought for a moment, _"Hmmmmmmâ€|.DONUT!"_ he thought. _"If anyone knew anything, it would be Donut, right? Donut was always into that kind of talk out feelings crap, and so was Simmons. What the fuck is going on!"_

Donut hummed a spice girls song while writing in his diary. He was sitting on his cot, with one leg crossed over the other.

"Heyâ€|man." Grif leaned in the doorway with his arms folded, his hair covering a good portion of his eyes.

"Grif!" He shrieked, trying to conceal his diary. "Um, what's up?"

"I just gotta talk to you for a sec."

"I knew you would come around!" He slid towards one end on the bed patting his palm on the other side. "Come sit down Grif!"

"Alright, but it'll only be for a second, so don't get any ideas that I'm into your feeling crap."

"Just tell me."

Grif sat down on the single bed, arms still folded. He didn't make himself conferrable, and he was ready to get up at any minute.

"So what's been botherin' ya Grif?"

"Simmons." He replied dryly.

"Simmons?"

"Yes dipshit! He's been acting really weird and distant from me, do you know why?" The tan man's eyes stared into Donut's like daggers.

"W-what kind of response do you want?"

"That night! That I came out of the shower! Did you say anything to him?"

"No I swear I didn't! Not to Simmons anywaysâ€|" The lightish-red private started to fear the orange teammate. _Darn my inner gossip girl. Maybe Sarge said something to him?_

"Fine. But do you know anything?"

"Anything about what?" He just wanted Grif to leave now. _Note to self; don't ever offer to talk to Grif about his problems again._

"Donut, you are the only one in this canyon who knows."

"Grif you're going to have to be specificâ€|" _Maybe I could get him to admit it. I'm already in this deep._ Donut smiled inside.

He grumbled. "Donutâ€|"

"Alright fine I know."

"Thanks," He looked down, all the rage that was building up in his eyes died. "It's just, what do I do?"

"Well what have you done so far?"

"Well I thought him acting like that already passed so I kind of..."

tried to have sex with him."

Donut gasped slightly, "Not the best plan."

"Really? Ya think so?" He rolled his eyes.

"Wellâ€¦ Do you love him?"

"What? No! I'm not gay!"

"Oh so then am I wrong when I recall the night that you were in the shower crying your eyes out over him? Not to mention that you bang him more than every now and again. Playtime is over, Dexter." He crossed his legs, folding his arms with that ridiculous grin across his face.

"Who the hell are you to tell me who I am? And don't call me by my first fucking name! It's weird!"

"Now now now Grif, don't get angry with me."

"Fuck you!" He attempted to get up and leave, all he wanted was to storm out of the room. His scene came to a pause by a pressure on his wrist. Franklin's hand was placed firmly around it.

"Just tell him."

"Let go of me! I need to eat some Oreos! Clear my mind of all the bullshit you just said!" He tore his hand out of the blonde's grip and stomped out of the room just as he intended.

Donut sighed "What to do, what to doâ€¦"

Grif nearly tore the door from his hinges into Simmons dim room. He thundered into his teammate's sleeping area. The shadow from the lump on top of the bed hurried to sit up. "The fuckâ€¦?"

"Simmons, you need to hear what I am about to say! Because I'm only going to say it once, so you better be fucking listening!"

* * *

><p>Yeaaaaaah I think it got a little out of character at the end, but we'll let it slide, because I really wanna get this posted and its 3:30 in the fucking morning, and I have to get up at 6. I promise to get the next chapter up quicker than this one. Also when I'm finished with think I'm gunna write a Grimmons one shot. See you all next time!<p>

End
file.